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applause with which the artist had been received at the theatre; his own reception appearing quite insignificant in comparison with that of Corelli, and that he took this method of making him atone for the ovation which the people thought fit to honor him with. But whatever reason the king had for acting thus, Corelli did not feel the least embarrassment, but continued to play. The courtiers, however, by whom he was surrounded, were too strict observers of etiquette to applaud a composition which had already been condemned by the silence of the king himself; and thus it happened that, by the time the concert was finished, all of them were talking and laughing as loudly as they could.

This misfortune, if it can be called so, was too easily repaired to affect Corelli's peace of mind seriously. He knew very well that the public was ready to give him the most splendid satisfaction, and that amongst them he would find more sincere admirers of his talent than he really needed to counterbalance the voices of the royal flatterers. He announced a concert for the following day.

The king did not go to the theatre, but Corelli's reception was even more enthusiastic than at his first concert. The artist played the same sonata which had made *flasco* before the court. The *adagio* which had caused the king to retire, produced a most wonderful effect upon the audience; and yet this piece was destined to prove fatal to the great *maestro*.

Corelli was accustomed to play without having any music before him, and whilst he executed the most difficult passages, his eyes would wander all over the room, as if his playing was nothing but the effect of the most simple mechanism. He had just commenced the second part of the sonata, when he was suddenly seized with the greatest astonishment. In the midst of a party of splendidly dressed ladies and gentlemen, Archangelo had recognized his *Nelia*, whose death had caused him so much grief, sat there in all her gracefulness, and her matchless beauty appeared to have arrived at a high degree of maturity. How his heart throbbed at the sight of this woman, the first and only love of his whole life! However, it required not much reflection to prove to him the impossibility of her being *Nelia*, for this lady appeared to be, at the uttermost, but thirty-five years old, and *Nelia*, he was certain, was a few years older than himself.

Whilst the virtuoso was thus a prey to his doubts and astonishment, he did not observe that his whole audience was, in the meantime, under the influence of quite a different kind of surprise. Without knowing it, Corelli, while executing a difficult passage, had changed the key, and played a minor strain, while the orchestra accompanied him in the major key. Alexander Scarlatti, who directed the orchestra himself, tried in vain to correct the error, and make the solo player aware of his absence of mind. Corelli became quite disconcerted, and made more and more mistakes, till he found it impossible to continue. Distracted and almost mad, he left the stage, and a moment afterwards it was announced to the audience that *il virtuosissimo di violino* was, on account of sudden indisposition, not able to go on with the concert.

Corelli felt deeply the public disgrace which he had thus brought upon himself, but even this did not cause him so much restlessness as the desire to dispel his uncer-

tainty respecting the strange apparition in the theatre. He tried all possible means to acquaint himself with the name of the lady who so much resembled his beloved *Nelia*, and finally succeeded. A friend informed him that it was the Princess Cassarini.

After a few hours' sleep, during which his excitement had somewhat subsided, it suddenly struck him, that this lady, who had reminded him so much of his love, could be no one else than his own daughter, and this idea filled the heart of the old man with so consoling a balm, that for some time he entirely forgot his old grief and his recent disgrace. The happiness of seeing his daughter, and pressing her, if only for a moment, to his bosom, appeared to him to be a sufficient compensation for a long, joyless, and painful existence. The rest of the night he passed in pleasant dreams of paternal love, and in the morning, as soon as etiquette would permit, Corelli went to the palace of the Princess Cassarini, who, in reality, was the daughter of the late Lorenzo di Monteserrato.

After the first words of a cool and haughty reception, the artist began to think that he probably would have some difficulty in bringing the conversation to a subject which so nearly affected the honor of a noble family. He then concluded it very probable that his daughter would rather wish to be considered the descendant of a noble family, than to acknowledge herself the fruit of an illegitimate passion. And this supposition of Corelli became almost a certainty, when he, intimidated by his daughter's coolness, tried to allude, in a somewhat hesitating manner, to his former connection with *Nelia*.

"Enough of this," interrupted the princess drily, "I do not wish to hear anything which may lessen the esteem which I owe to the memory of my mother. I know very well that French levity tried to circulate some strange rumors in regard to her, but the Marchese di Monteserrato, my father, soon silenced these calumniators, and thus preserved the honor of his house. Signor Corelli," she continued, in a tone which made chords that had long been sleeping in the heart of the aged master, vibrate again, "you felt indisposed last night; even your most sincere admirers could not help observing that you did not feel in your usual mood. No doubt it was only a transitory attack, which, I hope, will have no bad consequences."

"I thank you sincerely," replied the artist with affecting simplicity, "but I feel that it will cost me my life." And bitter tears chased each other down his cheeks.

"I am truly sorry for you," replied the princess, haughtily. "I shall order my people to carry you home in my sedan chair, and to-morrow I hope to hear that you feel better."

"To-morrow," said Corelli, "to-morrow I shall be no longer in Naples."

Some writers have ascribed the deep melancholy which from that moment took possession of the great artist, to the little sensation which his return produced at Rome, where Valentini, a very mediocre violin-player, was just then the lion of the day. But this is an error, or rather a calumny on his noble mind. The momentary, and, probably, on his part, voluntary forgetfulness, in which Corelli buried himself, was not sufficient to drive him to that gloomy melancholy which hurried him, in a very short time, to his grave. The memoirs of the Cardinal Ottoboni, in whose palace he dwelt, are sufficient

proof to refute the absurd assertion, and the extravagant splendor of his funeral obsequies gave evidence that his contemporaries knew well how to appreciate the loss of such an artist.

[From the London Musical World.]

## SPOHR.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.

SYMPHONY No. 6, "THE HISTORICAL" (Op. 116). PERFORMED AT LEIPSIK, JANUARY 7, 1841.

The most interesting feature of the concert, without dispute, was Spohr's new Symphony, which every one was eager to hear. In the programme it was entitled: "Historical Symphony in the style and taste of four different periods. First movement, Bach and Handel, 1720; *Adagio*, Haydn and Mozart, 1780; *Scherzo*, Beethoven, 1810; *Finale*, the most recent period, 1840."

This new Symphony of Spohr's, if we are not mistaken, was written for the London Philharmonic Society, by whom it was first performed about a year ago. It has been already sharply attacked in England, and it is to be feared that in Germany also it will meet with severe criticism. It certainly is a curious fact that of late years so many attempts should have been made to imitate the music of the past.\* About three years ago, Otto Nicolai gave a concert in Vienna, at which he performed a series of compositions "in the style and taste of former centuries." Moscheles wrote a piece in honor of Handel and in his style. Tumbert, amongst others, has very recently published a "Suite" which is intended to display the old forms—and so on. Spohr himself preceded his Symphony with a Violin Concerto entitled *Sonst und Jetzt* (Past and Present) the idea of which is somewhat similar to that of the work before us. Against this there is nothing to be said. Such attempts may pass for studies, and are of the same nature as the fashion for rococo, which has lately become so prevalent. But that Spohr should be the one to adopt such ideas, a finished, exclusive master, who never lets anything pass his lips which has not had its source in his very heart, and who is always recognizable by his first chord—cannot fail to interest everyone. And he has accomplished his task almost as we should have expected; he has set himself to submit to the outward forms of the different styles, while otherwise he remains the same master that we have so long known and loved; in fact, it only brings out more prominently the peculiar form of his individuality, in the same way that a man with some distinguishing natural trait never so easily betrays himself as when masked. Napoleon once went to a masked ball. He had hardly been there an instant before, as usual, he folded his arms. Like wildfire, a whisper of "The Emperor!" ran through the place. Just so during the Symphony, one kept hearing "Spohr, Spohr," in every corner of the room. His best disguise, I thought, was the Mozart and Haydn mask; the Bach and Handel one greatly lacked the nervous compactness of the original countenances, and still more so

\* What would Schumann have said if he could have seen the flood of "suites" and other pieces in ancient form which have been poured upon the world since his removal from the indefatigable (and uninspired) pen of Lechner, Esser, Raff, and other worthies?

the Beethoven one. The last movement I might almost call a thorough failure. No doubt we may occasionally find in Auber, Meyerbeer, and others, noise of this description, but there is plenty of better and worthier music to paralyze such influences, and to make it difficult to understand the bitter intention of the movement. Spohr can hardly complain that he himself is not valued, for amongst good names his is always to be found, in a thousand places daily.—Apart from this it is unnecessary to say that the construction of the separate movements, with, perhaps, the exception of the last, is admirable, especially the instrumentation which is employed with the most happy art to develop the idea of the whole work, and is well worthy of the master.

On the public in general the Symphony seemed to make no impression, unless, perhaps, it was an unfavorable one. It will shortly appear in print, when every one will be able to form an opinion on this *curiosity*, for such it undoubtedly is and will remain.

## 2. SYMPHONIES, NOS. 6 AND 7. 1843.

I have but little to add, even now that I know the work in print, to the above remarks on the Historical Symphony, written immediately after receiving my first impressions of it. Delicate and charming touches will always discover themselves in every one of Spohr's works the better one becomes acquainted with him, and I therefore desire somewhat to soften my former judgment on the last movement, to which I then imputed an ironical intention, whereas its reflection of our own times now seems to me less harsh than it then did. But have not many things altered in the last three years? Even Spohr himself would surely write differently now. Yes, I hope so; and I also hope that the evening of the life of this worthy master will be lighted up by the first rays of a better day than that which he characterizes in the *Finale* before us.

Spohr's best defence in his own latest Symphony (No. 7, Op. 121), to which we must now devote a few words. In many respects it is a remarkable work, and in its peculiar origin, form, and style of expression can only be compared to his own earlier one, *The Consecration of Sound*. As there, so here, he has chosen to write on a theme. This theme he describes in rather general terms in the title as *Irdisches und Gottliches im Menschenleben*—"The human and divine in life." It is worked out in three movements, each of which, again, has its separate motto. The first describes childhood; the second, the dangers of youth, and of manhood in its prime; the third, the triumph of good over evil. I confess to a prejudice against creations of this kind, which I probably share with hundreds of wisacres who have the strangest notions about composing, and are always referring us to Mozart, who, they say, "never meant anything by his music." No doubt, as I say, many people, both learned and unlearned, have this prejudice; and, therefore, when a composer hands me a programme with his music, I should say, "The first thing I want to hear is that your music is good, after that I shall be glad to see your programme." But as Goethe's writing poetry to given rhymes is a very different thing from some one else's doing it, so no amount even of philosophizing will succeed in destroying the beauties of Spohr's Symphony, just because his setting himself an exceptional task is not the same thing as when a beginner in the art

does so. But all this has been gone over again and again when we spoke of the *Weihe der Tone*, and the dispute as to whether composers should or should not think of some particular subject whilst composing is again reviving. The philosophizers think worse of the matter than need be; they are certainly mistaken if they imagine that a composer, when he has got his subject, sits down like a parson to his sermon on a Saturday afternoon, dividing it into the usual three parts, and then duly working it out; they certainly are wrong there. With the musician it is quite different; and whatever pictures or ideas may be floating in his mind he will only feel happy in his work when beautiful melodies come to him, borne by the same invisible hands as the "golden buckets" of which Goethe speaks somewhere. Therefore, keep your prejudice, but at the same time look into things, and do not let a master suffer for the incompetence of learners.

Not to waste words, there is a charm about this last Symphony of Spohr's that can hardly be found in any other. One cannot say that it contains any particularly great or new thoughts, different to what we have already heard before in Spohr; but such serenity and purity of sound is not easily met with elsewhere. No doubt the charm of the coloring is heightened by the employment of two orchestras—an idea, by the way, that every one does not hit upon, or at any rate, does not carry out, for, if it requires a master to conduct one orchestra, how much greater must he be to deal with two! It is not likely, nor indeed is it greatly to be wished, that this proceeding should be much imitated. How interesting to speculate on what Beethoven would have made of such an idea! Surely one might expect something most gigantic. For my part, I believe he would not even have made use of it; it is much better suited to a tender delicate nature like Spohr's than to the mighty Beethoven. It was Spohr also who wrote the first double quartette, as we have already mentioned. There are, then, two orchestras at work in the Symphony, one of them being rather obligato in character, with no brass or drums, and only one of each instrument; the other (with the exception of the oboes and bassoons, which also are single), has the usual number of instruments. This unaccustomed form of instrumentation will naturally prevent the work from being performed in many places, though in other respects it is not so difficult as the *Weihe der Tone*.

Among other unusual things in this Symphony is the form and order of the movements. The first, a picture of happy childhood, is an *allegretto* with a slow introduction—and to this one I should give the prize; green meadows spread themselves before us, and hosts of children are playing together under a cloudless sky, while all the while the sad smiling eyes of the master seem to be looking on, full of recollections of his own childhood. The second movement—already mentioned in connection with the motto at the head of it—conveys well what is intended; a prelude full of doubts and difficulties is followed by a passionate *allegro*; and here, again, the presence of the noble master himself is felt, bemoaning the errors of his favorite—the hero of the Symphony. There is one passage in this movement which seems to me not to produce the full effect which the composer had promised himself—namely, the violin solo of the first orchestra, which is overpowered by the superior numbers of the

second orchestra, and sounds poor. It would have been easy to give this part more power; but the composer seems to lay particular stress upon its being played by a solo violin, and the idea is intelligible. The conductor must be careful to moderate the loudness of the second orchestra.

In the third movement the composer is quite in his element—the evil one is vanquished, and the power of good is triumphant. The subjects recall other things of Spohr's—namely, the last movement of the trio in E minor, written about the same time, and the finale reminds one of the *Finale* in the *Weihe der Tone*, without thereby failing to leave an impression of beauty and elevation.

Thus closes the master. Let us follow him in his art, in his life, and in all his endeavors. The industry shown in every line of the score is most touching. May he ever be a shining example to us amongst the greatest of our countrymen!

(From the London Musical World, July 20th.)

## A SETTLED FACT. IN THREE PARTS.

**PART 1.—PIANOFORTES AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.**—We perceive that the Gold Medal has been awarded to Messrs. John Broadwood and Sons, for the pianofortes sent by them to the Paris Exhibition. It must be gratifying to the proprietors of this well-known firm to feel that the verdict of the English public on the qualities of their instruments has been confirmed by a competent musical tribunal in Paris.

**PART 2.—STEINWAY & SONS**, of New York, having gained the First Gold Medal for American pianofortes, Madame La Baronne James Rothschild immediately bought one of their finest "Grands" for her Château de Ferrieres.

**PART 3.—PIANO-FORTES AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.**—The public award of medals was to have taken place July 1st. The Paris correspondent of the *New York Weekly Review* states that Messrs. Steinway & Sons, of New York, will receive the first medal; Broadwood, of London, the second; and Messrs. Chickering & Sons, of Boston, the third. (The Paris correspondent of the "Weekly Review" is — inexact—A. S. S.)

**BADEN-BADEN.**—With the exception of three Quartet *Soirées*, given by the Florentine society, including Herr Jean Becker and colleagues, who have afforded great satisfaction to a small but most select public, there have been as yet no concerts of any importance in the Conversationshaus. Mad. Pauline Viardot-Garcia, however, has long since resumed her Sunday *Matinées*, to which all the leading artists and the principal visitors enjoy—free admission. The Queen of Prussia and the Grand Duchess of Baden have been to several of the *Matinées*.—The Theatre was opened a few days since by the company from the Royal Opera-house, Stuttgart, who proposed giving three performances.—The Italian operatic season will commence on the 8th August, and extend up to the 14th September. The artists engaged are: Signore Vitali, Grossi, Signori Nicolini, Delle Sedie, Zucchini and Agnesi. Among the works performed will be *Crispino e la Comare*, *Ernani*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Faust* (by Gounod).